

Jockey's Lamentation turn'd into Joy : O R, JENNY yields at last.

Being a most delightful New Song greatly in request both at Court and City :
To a pleasant New Play-House Tune.



AH! Jenny Gin, your Eyn do kill, you'l let me tell my pain ; Geud Faith Ise lov'd



against my will, but wou'd not break my Chain : I eance was call'd a bonny Lad, till



that fair face of yours, betray'd the freedom once I had, and all my blither hours.

And now, wey's me, like Winter looks
my faded showring eyn ;
And on the banks of shaddowing Brooks,
I pass the tedious time :
Ise call the streams that glide soft on,
to witness if they see
On all the Banks they glide along,
so true a Swain as me.

No, none could e're so faithful prove,
no love can mine exceed ;
Yet in this Maze Ise still must move,
where hopes are all my feed :
Then Jenny turn thy eyes on me,
O turn thy blushing Face ;
Let Jockey now some comfort spee,
or else he dees apace.

My Flocks they all neglected are,
and stray in yonder Grove ;
Whilst here Ise court my pretty fair,
and fain would have her love :
Then Prethee Jenny be not coy,
for a more constant Swain,
Never did bonny Lads enjoy,
upon this flowery Plain.

Jenny] Alas kind Jockey, Ise can grieve,
to hear you sigh and moan,
But wey's me, Ise can ne'r believe
you with such passion burn :
Swains now of late have got the knack,
poor Damosels to betray,
But when they once have what they lack,
ah ! then they's gang away.

Ise cannot think kind Jockey, you
who every Lads can Court,
To any one can e're be true,
should she once yield her Fort :
For shou'd Ise now believe your tongue,
and you shou'd break your troth,

Wey's me, then Jenny is undone,
and loofeth all shee'n hath.

Jockey] Ah! my dear Jenny, think not I,
my love so shallow build,
For if Ise have you not Ise dye,
Ise Iwear by this gay Field :
Ise languish often on these Banks,
to streams oft tell my moan ;
Witness ye Swans, whose silver ranks
in grief have seen me drown.

Jenny] Alas ! could I but think you true,
Ise willingly could love ;
Yet swear once by your Bonnet blew,
you ever kind will prove :
And Ise consider on't a while,
for, ah me ! love is blind ;
And if you Jenny won't beguile,
geud faith Ise may be kind.

Jockey] I by my Bonnet swear, and all
that ever Ise hold dear ;
Nay, Ise the Woods and Flocks do call,
to witness too, my dear ;
O joyful me, come let us gang,
Ise can no longer stay ;
My joys to mighty height are sprang,
since Jenny says not nay.

Jenny] Come take my hand, but Ise do fear
your love in time will waste,
And then, wey's me, sad grief and care,
to Death will Jenny haste.

Jockey] Fear not my love, my joy, my bride,
but let us hence away ;
And you shall find by Virgins side
a blither Lad ne'r lay.

F I N I S.

Printed for J. Jordan, at the Angel in
Guilt-spur-street.
G. Daniel

F 214874